





## DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

VOLNEY B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 12, 1850.

### NAG'S HEAD CONVENTION.

This body assembled in Edenton on Thursday last. We have not received the official proceedings; but learn that the attendance of delegates was thin, and that little was done. Col. Joyner (the President,) not being in attendance, John H. Leary, Esq., presided. A committee was appointed to visit Raleigh and petition the Legislature to pass resolutions favorable to the execution of the work by Congress; and another to procure the engraving of an old map of the Inlet, for circulation. Funds were raised for the purpose. The body was, we learn, animated by a fine spirit, and adjourned to meet again at Plymouth, in May next.

### NO PROCLAMATION YET.

The agitation on the subject of the fugitive slave law continues to rage at the North with unabated fury, and "no man knoweth what a day may bring forth!" The storm may at any time burst forth—the law is set at defiance. A rumor was circulated that President Fillmore had issued orders placing the U. S. troops and naval forces at the disposal of the Marshals; but the report turns out to be unfounded—no proclamation has been issued. He was very prompt to issue one in the case of Texas, where we maintain he had no authority; but now, in a case about which there is no question, this conscientious President permits anarchy to run riot, and interposes no obstacle to the onward march of fanaticism. It is true some of his adherents say he will do so—but when? After all the mischief has been done? After blood has been shed? If he ever intends to interpose the strong arm of Government to enforce the laws of the country, now is the time. He sees the danger. Dare he deal with his Northern friends as summarily as he threatened to do with the South? We shall see whether he has the nerve and patriotism to do justice to all, without regard to considerations of party or section.

THE NORFOLK ARGUS.—This enterprising paper comes to us in a new and improved dress, which, as its editor truly says, "in point of typographical and mechanical finish, will compare favorably with any journal in that State." It is indeed a beautiful sheet, and well worthy the patronage of the public.

SEMI-WEEKLY STANDARD.—Brother Holden seems resolved to keep up with the spirit of the age. He has sent us the first No. of the semi-weekly Standard, which is well worthy of general patronage. He has been doing yeoman's service with his weekly;—with the semi-weekly we may confidently expect increased energy and a wider field of operations. The terms of the semi-weekly are four dollars per annum, in advance, or within the first month: four dollars and fifty cents, if payment be delayed six months; and five dollars if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.—We lay before our readers this morning extracts from a highly interesting letter from Rome. It is due to the fair author that we should state that she no more dreamed of 'being published' than of being swallowed up in the volcanic jaws of Mount Vesuvius; but, her previous effusions having been so generally read and admired, we could not refrain from "taking the responsibility" of spreading these extracts before the public, by whom they will doubtless be read with as much interest as by herself.

The Hon. Horace Mann has been thrown overboard by the Whigs of the eighth Congressional District of Massachusetts, and a Mr. Welley nominated in his stead. The reason assigned for this action is that Mr. Mann will not be as efficient a Free Soiler as Mr. Welley.

A correspondent of the Edenton Bulletin says there is a girl now living in Tyrell county, less than eleven years old, whose weight will exceed one hundred and eighty pounds!

The Edenton Bulletin "learns that a meeting of the farmers of Chowan county is in contemplation, the object and purpose of which is to adopt resolutions binding the several parties not to purchase any articles which may have been brought here from any place North of Baltimore."

The Virginia Reform Convention have adjourned to the first Monday in January, for the purpose of enabling the Auditor to furnish them with the census returns, so that they may have the most reliable data on which to proceed.

### SOUTHERN RIGHTS MEETING IN WILMINGTON.

A meeting of the citizens of Wilmington and New Hanover county was held last week for the purpose of "taking into consideration the course necessary to be pursued by them in the present aspect of national affairs." Among the resolutions adopted was one tendering thanks to Messrs. Ashe, Clingman, Daniel and Venable, representatives in Congress from this State, and another, which deserves especial attention, as follows:

Resolved, That policy, particularly at this time, requires that the Southern States should take immediate steps to establish a Commercial Marine, and such a direct trade with Europe as will render us independent of Northern merchants, manufacturers and ship-owners.

The importance of this suggestion cannot be overestimated, and the policy of "establishing a commercial marine, and such a direct trade with Europe as will render us independent of Northern merchants, manufacturers and ship-owners," is commended by every consideration of self-respect and interest, whether our relations with the North are continued or not. What necessity is there for our paying tribute to other States, when the exercise of a proper spirit of energy and enterprise would redound so much to our own interest and prosperity, and cause thirty cities to spring up in our midst? But it is particularly incumbent upon us at this time, when the North is doing all in her power to break us down and make us mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for her rich lordlings. Southern men should resolve never to buy at the North an article which may be manufactured or purchased at home. Let us adopt this policy *any how*, and our aggressors will be made to feel our importance, and acknowledge their dependence upon us.

The "Old North State" is in high dudgeon at our resort upon his insidious attack upon himself—the shoe seems to pinch. His foundering are at least amusing, if nothing more; and in the absence of a circus or menagerie, his performances will serve to keep off the "blues" this cold and drizzly weather—for he plays "such high fantastic tricks" as cannot fail to excite a smile (of mirth or contempt) in the countenance of every beholder.

This editorial pygmy charges us with having asserted "that we (the 'Old North State') are endeavoring to excite sectional jealousy and sectional excitement against Virginians, as such." Now, persons having any confidence in that editor might suppose, from the gravity with which the charge is made, that we actually did make the assertion ascribed to us; yet we never did—not even dream of such a thing.

We distinctly expressed our belief that he was a "great admirer" of "Virginia politicians," and cited the cases of Clay, Taylor, Harrison, Rives and Stuart, in proof of the fact. We explicitly stated that, in our opinion, his assault upon "Virginia politicians" was nothing more nor less than a "masked battery" to strike down our individual self. The whole tenor of our article was devoted to the work of showing this, and proving that there was no sincerity in his pretended disgust for the class of individuals in question. Still, he has the unblushing hardihood to charge us with "asserting that he was endeavoring to excite sectional jealousy and sectional excitement against Virginians, as such!" It is true, that we charged him with endeavoring to "create local and sectional feelings"—not against "Virginians, as such," as he asserts—but against our own humble self,—one solitary Virginian. If not, why does he ridicule "Virginia politicians," and immediately upon the heel of his ridicule commend to our consideration a caricature which he says "admirably fits" us? And why did he select a caricature of Virginia politicians, if the fact of our being a Virginian was not intended to be used to our prejudice? What other purpose could he have had in view?

But our neighbor denies that the gentlemen named by us are "Virginia politicians." Upon this point we will only remark, that they are Virginians and politicians; and putting these words together, men of common sense will be apt to conclude that they embody "Virginia politicians," in spite of all the ridiculous sophistry of our neighbor to the contrary.

Drawing towards the close of his article, our neighbor becomes decidedly grandiloquent. Hear him:

"We venerate her dead, we admire and respect many, very many of her living sons; but for her chameleon and soul-contracted politicians, her Masons, her Wises, &c., we have sovereign contempt."

We devoutly trust that those "soul-contracted" lilliputians, the Masons and Wises, &c., will be able to survive "the wreck of matter and crush of worlds" threatened by the "sovereign contempt" of this modern Jupiter, whose thunderbolts are more terrible than "an army (of Tom Thumbs) with banners!"

The citizens of Wilmington have tendered to the Hon. W. S. Ashe the compliment of a public dinner as a mark of their approbation of his course during the last session of Congress. Mr. A. accepts the invitation.

### NEW YORK ELECTIONS.

Elections were held in this State on Tuesday last for Governor, members of Congress, Legislature, &c. There is some confusion in the latest accounts received of the Governor's election. The Baltimore Patriot of Friday publishes a despatch from New York dated the 8th inst., stating that "Washington Hunt, Whig, is elected Governor without doubt by about 1000 majority;" and immediately after the above despatch follows another, which is dated the 7th, (the day before,) to this effect: "The returns now show that Seymour, Democrat, will be elected by about 2000 majority." The vote will doubtless be a close one, and we shall wait with interest the solution of the mystery.

But in the Congressional election, the Democrats have gained largely. In the last Congress, out of 34 members, they only had one; they have now elected sixteen—and the delegation will stand Democrats 16; Whigs 17, 1 Free-Soiler. The Legislature is said to be decidedly Whig.

### NEW JERSEY ELECTIONS.

GLORIOUS DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPH!—Ford, Democrat, is elected Governor by upwards of 4,000 majority. In the Congressional delegation, the Democrats have gained three, and probably four, members. The Legislature is also decidedly Democratic. This secures a Democratic U. S. Senator in place of W. L. Dayton, the present Whig anti-fugitive-slave law Senator. Hurrah for the "Jersey Blues!"

### HAPPY MAN.

Who would not be a "Son of Temperance," if his path is strewn with such flowers and fruits as friend Drinkard gathered at the late celebration at Charlottesville, the Jeffersonian being a witness as follows:

Without disparagement to any other part of the glorious old Commonwealth, we think the delegation from Petersburg, friend Drinkard was ever kissed by so many pretty ladies in one day, as he received last Monday morning just as the cars were about leaving. He will soon bear off the palm from Henry Clay, if he meets with similar success elsewhere.

The exact nature of a kiss we never saw so glowingly described as in the following extract from a love letter, which we find in an exchange paper. It is defined as "the fourth degree of love," and we seriously implore Major D. to avoid the danger before him, (much worse than an intoxication of the brain,) devote himself exclusively to his "wife, children and friends," and leave his Charlottesville delicacies to his bachelor friends:

"WHAT IS A KISS? A kiss is as it were a seal expressing our sincere attachment, the pledge of future union; a dumb but at the same time audible language of a loving heart; a present, which, at the time it is given, takes from us the impression of any ivory, coral, pearl, or sweet bite of the lips, an affectionate pinching of the mouth, a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy our hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers—the fourth degree of love." [Richmond Enquirer.]

The "Sons" can just take our name along—that is, if we are to "come in" for the "perquisites" from the word "go!"—[Ed. Pioneer.]

### MUSICAL.

At the late Fair of the Maryland Institute, Mr. Jas. E. Boswell, so favorably known to our community, as an accomplished piano forist, presented several instruments for exhibition, of which the Baltimore Sun thus speaks:

PIANOS.—Mr. James E. Boswell, of Baltimore, yesterday deposited another most remarkable piano. It is a seven octave square piano, with iron frame and rosewood case. The case is of a beautiful material and highly polished, with enough of carving to make it look chaste and agreeable to the eye, without having a cumbersome appearance. The tone is powerful, clear and distinct, the bass and treble both coming out with a fullness, rarely, if ever, excelled in any instrument. It has attached to it the harp pedal, which may be regarded as a decided addition to any instrument. The tones, from the operation of the pedal, are both sweet and natural. And after all, the tone of an instrument is what the musician will appreciate, without looking much to the case that covers it, though tastes will differ in that respect. This piano did not get into the fair in time for competition, the depositor having been disappointed in having it finished within the prescribed time allowed for entering articles. The instrument is a most superior one and the musical public will have an opportunity of judging of its merits.

Mr. Boswell also has on deposit another superior rosewood and iron frame seven octave piano, of a plainer finish. Its tone, though sweet and full, is not so powerful as the one above noted. In both all the improvements which were regarded as essential have been introduced.

OPENING OF THE SEABOARD AND ROANOKE RAILROAD.—The cars commenced running regularly between Portsmouth and Suffolk yesterday—fare for passengers 87½ cents. All doubts may now, therefore, be dispelled as to the final completion of this work.

Thursday following is the day appointed by his Excellency, Gov. Manly, to be observed as one of thanksgiving throughout the State.

### ABSTRACT OF THE WILL OF JOHN McDONOGH.

THREE MILLION DOLLARS LEFT TO BALTIMORE.

The evening edition of the New Orleans Picayune, of Monday the 28th ult., furnishes the following interesting particulars relative to the funeral and the contents of the will of Mr. John McDonogh:—

Mr. McDonogh was buried yesterday afternoon in the cemetery erected by himself near his residence at McDonoghville, for his negroes. It was his wish that he should be buried among them. The funeral was plain and unostentatious. Prayers and a short sermon were delivered in the small church attached to the house, and after the deceased had been placed in the coffin, the coffin was placed in the plain oval shaped tomb usual here.

On Saturday evening, C. Roselius, Esq., for fifteen years the legal adviser of the deceased, appeared before Judge Buchanan, of the Fifth District Court, and informed him that Mr. McDonogh had left an holographic will, which was deposited either in the Louisiana State Bank, the Bank of Louisiana or the Union Bank.

An order of the court was issued, in consequence, for any of the said banks to bring the will into the Fifth District Court this morning at 10 o'clock.

Accordingly at the above hour, the Cashier of the Union Bank, Mr. Frey, appeared, having a tin box containing a duplicate copy of the will, with a portfolio containing memoranda for executors, notes, &c. Another copy of the will is in the possession of Mr. Joseph Montgomery of this State. The Court room was crowded. Mr. Roselius presented the will, which was proved by Messrs. Grymes, Frey and Grivot. The will is of twenty-four foolscap pages, closely written in the testator's own hand writing. Judge Buchanan unsealed, opened and read it, occupying in so doing some hours' time. After leaving \$6,000 and some landed property in Baltimore to his sister and children, the deceased bequeaths his entire estate of which he gives no aggregate amount, to the Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of New Orleans and Baltimore, half to each city, for the purpose of establishing here a free school for poor children of all classes, and an asylum for the poor. To the Protestant Male Orphan Asylum of this city, he gives \$400,000 in yearly instalments. The two other institutions bequeathed are in yearly instalments.

A school farm is to be established in Baltimore and an asylum for the poor. The school farm for the education of the poor children, from four to fourteen years of age, of Baltimore first, and the other large maritime cities of the Union. They are to be taught the pursuits of agriculture and the principles of religion. A common English education to be given in all the schools, here and at Baltimore, and the bible to be their principal class book. The inmates of the two poor asylums to defray, as far as possible, the expenses of those institutions so far as their own labor can go. The cultivation of the mulberry tree and making of silk in these asylums are recommended. To the school farm at Baltimore the sum of \$3,000,000 is bequeathed in yearly instalments.

The estate, after the annuities above mentioned are paid, and a number of negroes, named, are freed and sent to Africa, to be managed by a certain number of commissioners appointed by this city and Baltimore; no commissioner to be a member of any council, or to serve more than twelve months, or twice in succession. The two cities to act as a check on each other. None of the property ever to be sold, but to remain forever as a fund for the above charitable purposes.

A large sum is bequeathed to the American Colonization Society at Washington. After all these bequests are settled, the donor expects will be in forty years now, the entire estate to be divided between the States of Louisiana and Maryland, and the Legislatures to carry out the objects proposed. If the Commissioners do not follow his instructions, the estate to fall immediately to the two States. Every precaution is taken to prevent these noble bequests from being diverted from their original purpose. The instructions to carry them out are full and minute.

Many high minded and benevolent sentiments concerning education, morality, the duties of the poor and the rich, and the preservation of the Union are to be found in the will. The testamentary executors are Messrs. Christian Roselius, A. D. Crossman, Judah Touro, Louis Philip Pelie, Johnathon Montgomery, Joseph A. Maybin, Wm. E. Leverich, Francois Bizonon D'Aquin, and in case of his death his brother Francois Adolphe D'Aquin, of this city; Messrs. Benj. C. Howard, John P. Kennedy, John Spear Smith, Brantz Mayor, Henry Didier, merchant, John Gibson, son of the late Wm. Gibson, clerk of court, of Baltimore; Henry Clay of Kentucky, President, and R. R. Gurley, Secretary of the American Colonization Society at Washington, and Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions at New York. The will is dated at the residence of the deceased, 27th December, 1838.

Later accounts, however, state that the will is null, void and unconstitutional, as well in Maryland as Louisiana.

Late arrivals from California inform us of another destructive fire in San Francisco, by which nearly half a million of dollars worth of property was consumed. Gold continues abundant.

THE TOBACCO BUSINESS.—There are in operation at the present time in Richmond, forty three Tobacco Factories, in which are employed over 2,300 hands, and which produce in manufactured tobacco fourteen millions five hundred thousand pounds annually. [Richmond Dispatch.]

### European Correspondence of the Pioneer.

ROME, HOTEL DE MINERVE, }  
October 13th, 1850.

The life of Solalith, the "Wandering Jew," is more like ours, these latter times, than any other you could compare it to. We pitch our tent a day or two, or at most a week, and our march is resumed to distance still more the lengthening chain that binds us to our native land.

I left Marseilles, after a stay of several days, and took a diligence for Nice, where we arrived after a fatiguing ride of twenty-four hours. We intended to take a steamer and go directly across the Mediterranean to Leghorn; but learning that all vessels from that port were subjected to a quarantine of a fortnight, we determined to enter Italy by land. Nice is a small city on the Mediterranean, and the first place in Sardinia after leaving the French borders. In traversing the Southern part of France, called Provence, I was surprised to find it a dry, parched and arid country, not at all answering to the Trobadore songs and my idea of it. On our journey we stopped at Aix, which possesses great interest from having formerly been the chief place of residence of the Troubadours, and famed in poetry for its gallantry and refinement; but now the only impression left is of prevailing dirt and filth, and the singular-spoken dialect which they call Patois. At Pisa we visited the Baptistery and Cathedral, which latter is justly celebrated for its grandeur. This church, I sat on the seat which was occupied by Galileo at the time he discovered, from a lamp, the vibrations of the pendulum. The lamp still hangs there. I took my pen-knife and cut a small piece from the seat as a curiosity. Opposite is the Campo Santo, a large enclosure with a portico paved with marble, and ornamented with beautiful frescoes. In its centre, is a large space of earth which was brought from Jerusalem in the year 1228, by the Count of Pisa, on his return from the first Crusade. It is said this earth possesses the property of consuming bodies buried there in the brief space of twenty-four hours! I took some of it, which I shall carry home. At Florence, we visited every place worthy of notice—the palaces, some celebrated wax-works, the different galleries of sculpture and painting. In the Imperial gallery, we saw the statue of Catharine de Medicis—the most celebrated piece of sculpturing in the world. It is taken as a pattern of beauty and symmetry the world over. "Titian's Venus is another of exquisite beauty. Turning, however, from statuary to painting, you behold some of the most splendid specimens of artistic skill. "The Holy Family," by Michael Angelo, is a perfect chef d'œuvre, and valued all the more as being the only one of that great master which is really undoubted. Turning my eye to another quarter, I saw six morceaux from the immortal Raphael. One of them has a Virgin with the infant Jesus, and St. John at his feet, and the face of Mary has a touch of that heaven which human pen can never approach. On Sunday, we took a favorable position for seeing the grand Duke pass on his way to church. He was preceded by a body of soldiers on horse-back, splendidly mounted, and followed by his cabinet officers in coaches each with six horses. The procession was grand and imposing. The Duke is called Leopold II. Some weeks ago his eldest daughter was married to her own uncle; all through the mother's influence. She being a very arbitrary woman, (unlike the rest of us) wished more closely to unite the interests of Tuscany to Parma. The Pope, being appealed to, gave his permission. Leopold was opposed to the match, but yielded to the persuasion of his wife. The people are quite indignant at the proceeding. We visited the Mosaic manufactory, and saw there some precious stones and mosaics, the single pieces of some of which cost \$80,000! They are being made to adorn the altar of the Chapel of the Medicis—once the ruling family of Venice and Tuscany—men famous for their cultivation of the arts and their success in commerce.

On Monday morning we visited the Cathedral, which is an immense building and very imposing in appearance—being constructed of different stones, black, white, &c.; it took 200 years to build this tremendous edifice. In another church, we saw a fresco painting of the Virgin, by an artist, who, while painting the face, could not get the countenance quite serene enough for his taste, and during his study of it, fell asleep, and when he awoke, found the head all painted. He immediately told of it, and there was considered a miracle. While in this city, we called to see Mr. Powers—the great American sculptor, and found him an exceedingly agreeable man. Being Americans, he was delighted to meet with us. We saw in his studio a copy of the Greek Slave in execution. A piece which he is now executing. It is very beautiful—being a young woman trampling a sceptre under her foot. When completed, he intends sending it to the United States for exhibition, as he did the Greek Slave.

In Geneva we visited the Cathedral—a noble edifice—where we saw a vase of pure emeralds, (in one solid piece,) one yard around, and about 18 inches deep. It was taken from Palestine during the first crusade, and said to be the same from which our Lord, during the Passover, ate the Paschal Lamb. Here we also saw a very valuable dish of very precious stone, said to be the charge on which the head of John the Baptist was placed when cut off and presented to the daughter of Herodias. But I pass over all other places of attraction, and come at once to the ETERNAL CITY.

We have been here a week, and visited a number of places of attraction, of which it is impossible to mention but a few in the compass of this hastily written letter. The church of Jesus, the chief church of the Jesuits, is a fine structure; the chapel of St. Ignatius in it is one of the finest in Rome. On this chapel, is a piece of stone, more precious than diamonds—the largest in the world. The body of that Saint is buried here. We went to the memorable prison, in which is the rock to which Saints Peter and Paul were chained nine months—saw and drank out of the fountain which gushed from the rocks at the desire of Peter when he wished to baptize the jailors. At the church of St.

John of Lateran, I saw a most splendid range of marble statues as large as life, representing the twelve apostles. In this church are two magnificent chapels, the burial-place of two very wealthy princes of Rome. In them are several porphyry pillars, said to have been brought from the Temple of Jerusalem. We saw here the two columns from Jerusalem, which burst asunder at the death of our Saviour, and the marble slab on which they divided His garments; also, the venerable altar of the Old Temple—a marble slab supported by four pillars, measuring the height of our Saviour, which shows Him to have been at least 6 feet 2 inches high. The table on which He ate the Paschal Lamb is also here. In the Baptistery are the bones of St. Augustine; it contains eight porphyry columns, taken from the palace of Constantine. On the ceiling are eight paintings in fresco—representations in the life of St. John, by a celebrated painter in olden times. We visited the ruins of the town on which "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning."

In the Vatican, or Pope's palace, we saw the Sistine Chapel, where his Holiness performs all the offices of holy week. It is celebrated for the admirable frescoes, compositions by Michael Angelo, representing passages in the Old Testament, &c. At the end of the room may be seen his great masterpiece—"The Last Judgment," of which you have often heard and read. Next we saw a corridor of inscriptions, in which are arranged most excellent collections of Pagan and Christian writings. To the right are the former, embracing memorials of the ancient families of Rome, whose ashes repose in urns beneath; and to the left are highly interesting relics of the Christian era, in which we frequently encounter the symbols of the vine, the ark of Noah, the anchor, &c. In the portico, where are gathered together the most celebrated works of antiquity, we were struck with astonishment by the great Connoisseur's chef d'œuvre—Perseus with the head of Medusa, and the two wrestlers all in marble, celebrated over the whole world.

Leaving this place, we went into the Pope's Library, which contains many valuable manuscripts in Latin, Hebrew and Greek, to the number of 30,000, among them, in particular is one of Virgil's, of the fourth century. Terrence's comedies of the eighth century, and Petarch's own manuscript of his poetical works. In passing through the grand saloon of the Library, we examined several magnificent vases—presents to the Vatican from the Emperors Napoleon and Charles X. As a rare curiosity, I must mention the original Gregorian Calendar, which is carefully preserved.

During our stay here, we have received the utmost kindness at the hands of Major Cass, our Government agent. Calling upon us as soon as apprised of our presence in the Eternal City, he has favored us with many facilities—furnishing us with permits to different places about the city, &c. Having obtained permission, we were presented to the Pope—Major Cass accompanying us. You may judge of my desire to see that personage, when I inform you that our "permission" only extended to the kissing of his toe, and that I did not hesitate to brook the humiliation. Four of us repaired to the Pope's palace. I wore the regular reception costume—black silk dress, black lace veil and white kid gloves. After considerable delay and ceremony in the waiting room, we were ushered, in great form, into the presence of his Holiness. [He was standing—clothed in a white robe, with a wide silken sash, a small black skull-cap, and a heavy ring on his right hand. Bending on one knee as we came in, his sight, we advanced in front of him; and as we were "presented," we bent again, and pressed our lips to the ring while he held his hand in our own. He was gracious enough to dispense with the kissing of his toe. His looks and demeanor were all of grace and courtesy. I was very much pleased with the dignity and benevolence of his countenance. He passed a few compliments—wished us all happiness, and gave us his benediction; after which we repeated our reverence and withdrew. His whole expression is strikingly prepossessing.

The famous supper, of which you have heard so much, and which is usually kissed, is of simple black velvet, bearing a golden cross, interwoven with bullion; but with this we had nothing to do. St. Peter's Church beggars all description. No human pen can convey an adequate conception of the riches, labor and talent there displayed. The effect is overwhelming—and one can feel but a faint idea of its magnificence and grandeur even when told that its first cost was over fifty millions of dollars! On the whole, I may say of Rome, that any taste can there find its ample gratification and be feasted to satiety. If one wishes to "rove in realms of classic thought," let him wander by moonlight around the precincts of the old Roman forum, and recollect to memory the mighty men who have there "strutted their brief and fretful hours." He thundered Cicero against his rival, the great Cato; here the Gracchi uttered off their many denunciations of the plebeian wrongs; and here the hero Virginius took his daughter's life to save a daughter's fame. We descended the steps of the Capitoline hill, and stood in the shadow of the arch of Severus. Far as the eye could stretch, were grouped shattered columns of temples and lonely monuments. The palace of the Caesars on the right—on the left, the temples of Romulus and Remus, of Venus and Rome, and the Basilica of Constantine, flanking, in their solemn grandeur, the almost forgotten way, or "via sacra," make only the background of a most eloquent picture, of which the Colosseum is the base and perspective. The effect is ineffably imposing; and I could as easily explain the Trinity as convey it to your mind; but it spoke to my heart and fancy in most touching language of a mighty race of men who have disappeared before Time's relentless finger as noiselessly as have our Western Indians before the march of civilization.

NAPLES, Oct. 15, 1850.

The Bay of Naples presents a scene of surpassing beauty and picturesqueness, and the city is a lovely one. We made a visit to the tomb of Virgil, a short distance from the city, and were

amply repaid for our pilgrimage. It is the tomb of his own choice, and has every charm a poet's eye and fancy could suggest. It is marked by a simple stone, bearing his own self-written epitaph in Latin. This tomb is one of my most agreeable remembrances of Naples; not so that of Mount Vesuvius.

We visited the old cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which were buried eighteen hundred years by an eruption of Vesuvius. They were accidentally discovered about one hundred years ago by a man digging a well, from which time to the present excavations have been in progress—resulting in bringing to view the very curious spectacle of a venerable city of those remote times.

Having nearly completed our tour, and visited a considerable portion of the Old World, we shall in a few days bend our steps towards that loveliest of all places—home, sweet home—my own, my native land!

### RECOVERY OF POWERS' STATUE OF CALHOUN.

Mr. Johnson, of Islip, L. I., surprised us last night with the welcome intelligence of the recovery of Powers' statue of Calhoun from the wreck of the ship Elizabeth, under which it has been buried since the 19th of July last. Mr. Johnson, it will be recollected, visited the spot in his yacht, the Twilight, soon after the wreck, and on the discovery of the whereabouts of the case containing the statue, at once expressed his belief in the practicability of its recovery. He voluntarily undertook the task, and for the past three months has been operating with a body of men, among whom is Mr. Whipple, the noted diver, to whose submarine labors is owing the final success of the undertaking. After vainly endeavoring to sling the box, which was deeply imbedded in sand, by means of grappling irons, a coffer dam was made and sunk around it, with no better result. The box lay in 11 feet of water, and the undertow was so strong, from the heavy swell following the autumn gales that, till within the last two days, nothing could be done. A less enterprising man would have given up the task long ago, but Mr. Johnson was not to be dismayed, and the Twilight kept her post in all weathers.

Finally, on Tuesday last, the sea was favorable for the first time in several weeks, and at daylight, on Wednesday morning, operations commenced. Mr. Johnson had previously procured a pair of powerful cast-iron hooks, iron tongs or pair of grappling hooks, weighing about 500 pounds. These were placed around the case by Mr. Whipple, who descended in his submarine armor. By arranging a lever on the deck of the yacht, a heavy purchase was obtained, and through the united strength of twenty men, the hooks were firmly closed around the case, and the end lifted from the sand sufficiently to allow a sling-chain to be slipped under. The other end was then slung in the same manner, and a third chain passed around the middle, the chains being first wrapped with coarse blankets, to prevent injury to the marble. The statue, which weighs about a ton and a half, with an equal weight of hard sea-sand in addition, was hoisted to the surface without much difficulty, but the utmost strength of the hands was necessary to get it safely on deck.

Mr. Johnson supposed that when the vessel parted, the case was completely overturned, as it lay in reverse position to that in which it had been stowed. It was almost entirely destroyed, the heavy iron bolts and clamps having been violently wrenched asunder. After being landed on the deck of the Twilight, the statue was raised to an erect position, the fragments of the case carefully removed and the sand washed off. The only injury it had sustained was the loss of part of the right arm, but as the fracture is concealed by the drapery, the loss can scarcely be seen. With this exception the statue is as perfect as when the last touch of the chisel was given to it, having received no scratch or stain of any kind. It was recovered about 3 P. M., on Wednesday, the sea continuing quiet up to that time. Immediately afterward, a heavy swell arose, but it was too late for the jealous sea to reclaim its spoil.

The Twilight, with its memorable freight, and the Revenue Cutter Morris, will probably reach this city to-morrow. Meanwhile, we would suggest to the agents in this city of those citizens in Charleston, by whom the Statue was ordered, that it be placed on exhibition before leaving for its destined pedestal. As a work of art, no less than on account of the remarkable circumstances attending the transmission, there are few of our citizens who would fail to visit it. The proceeds of a liberal portion of them, might properly be applied to the remuneration of the men, who since the 13th of August last, have been laboring so faithfully and perseveringly for its recovery. Mr. Johnson, we understand, has spent about a thousand dollars in the undertaking, and to his energy alone is due the success of this great work, now doubly valuable from its baptism in the great deep. The history of the shipwreck should be carved on the pedestal of the statue, in the temple to be erected in Charleston, as an appropriate and enduring acknowledgment of his zeal.

ARTER YU, DOCTOR.—A hopeful pair of Africa's sable representatives presented themselves, a short time since, at the office of Squire G— and requested him to tie the nuptial knot. The Squire very readily consented, and after going through the usual forms of the marriage ceremony, told Cuffe to salute his bride. He hesitated, and the Squire repeated the command. "Arter you, massa doctor, if you please."

It has been eloquently remarked that in the obscurity of the cottage far from the seduction of rank and affluence, is nursed the virtue which counteracts the decay of human institutions—the courage which defends the national independence—and the industry which maintains all classes of the state.

A celebrated writer on the sight says, that wearing veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes on account of the efforts of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress. Ladies, then, should beware of hiding their pretty eyes and face with veils.



This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a dark vertical stain running down the right side. The left edge of the page shows the binding structure, including stitching or stitching holes. There is no text or other markings on the page.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a dark, irregular stain along the right edge. The binding edge on the left is visible, showing stitching or stitching holes. There is no text or other markings on the page.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and dark smudges, particularly along the right edge. A vertical crease is visible near the center. The left edge of the page shows the binding structure, including stitching and the inner cover material.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a vertical crease near the right edge. The left edge of the page is bound, showing some stitching or staples. There is no text or other markings on the page.

A dark, vertical, textured strip, possibly a book binding or a piece of fabric, with a lighter, mottled area on the left side. The texture appears rough and uneven, with some lighter patches and darker areas. The overall appearance is that of a close-up of a material with a complex, organic texture.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and creases. A dark, irregular stain runs vertically along the right edge, possibly from a binding or a stain. The left edge shows the binding structure, including stitching or stitching holes. There is no text or other markings on the page.



## POETRY.

### SWEET MEMORIES.

BY I. RUSSELL.

Oh, there are memories that throng  
So closely round my heart,  
That of its hidden trembling strings  
They seem to form a part;  
They're woven in with every dream  
That haunts my nightly rest,  
And nestle like a golden beam  
Deep in my troubled breast.

Oh, there are memories that crowd  
And cluster in my brain,  
That bind me gently to the past  
And make me grasp again  
The blooming wreath my childhood knew  
Ere change had come, or blight,  
When each fair bud was wet with dew,  
Each blossom crowned with light.

Sweet memories, ye gently now  
Are whispering to my heart,  
I feel your light upon my brow,  
And tears of rapture start;  
Ye tell me of the sun-lit hours,  
That flew so gaily on;  
Mid singing birds and fragrant flowers,  
That bloomed without a thorn.

Ye tell me of the young—the fair,  
Who fitted round my path;  
I twine amidst their clustering hair  
The gems of love and faith.  
I listened to the warbled notes,  
That tremble on the tongue,  
Till through my soul that music flows  
Like strains by angels sung.

Oh, stay then, gentle memories,  
Within my heart of hearts,  
And softly hush its heaving sigh,  
And dry the tear that starts;  
Oh, hold, ye gentle memories,  
Your empire in my breast,  
Till death shall close my weary eyes,  
And take me to its rest.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken paneling—all reverend with the gloom of departed years—seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature—that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us—

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky!  
I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor, decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. It stands on a knoll, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled in to the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extended down to the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of ceremony. The deceased

had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door, his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it was inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes and looked about with a faint wilderness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth and to whisper some words of like consolation—"Nay, nay—now, now—don't take it so sorely at heart." She could only wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the cracking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth. As if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more: my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their griefs—What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound, their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure, their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation. It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages; and, by various rural occupations and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age—"Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely lad—so sweetly tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church; for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her goodman's; and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a season of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind of feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her.

It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardship. He saw her and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wondering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son—your poor boy George?" It was indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, by foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood. I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended. Still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish his old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him, and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him; offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood—that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined in a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, has thought on the mother that "looked on his childhood?" that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness and have none to soothe, lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start up from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquility of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on enquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor knew best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the stolid monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and before I left the neighborhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to join those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known and friends are never parted.

Washington Irving.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Shortly after the arrival of Jenny Lind at Boston, a very painful event occurred there, which we learn has very seriously affected her. It appears that in the house where apartments were provided for her, there was very superior cooking-bird, whose powers of mimicry and song were such that he had silenced both the feather and feline circles there—canary birds and cats giving up all attempts to outmatch him in their respective notes. He was removed into the same room with Jenny—who was charmed with him. After finishing one of her simple songs, "Bob" tuned his pipes and gave out a very fair imitation; the admiration of Jenny was unbounded; she tried him in a snatch from the celebrated "cavatina" in "Il Puritani." "Bob," after one or two leaps from perch to perch, spread his tail in ecstasy, filled his chest again, and ran over all those beautiful notes as accurately as if they were the mere echo of the thrilling notes of Jenny.

Mr. Barnum, who stood by, became alarmed; he knew the owner of the bird had too long a pocket to admit of a possible hope of his willingness to part with him, or even enter into an engagement on any terms; and here was a bird equal to Jenny; however, seeing the consternation of her friend, she sprang to the piano, and struck off in her best style, her celebrated "Swedish Echo Song"—"Schielmeert vax under heil varting Weigheugh"—ha! la—weigheugh!" "Bob" listened—sprang to his water jar and took a sip—listened again—shook his feathers and began. For a note or two, he succeeded admirably; but when he came to that point where the voice of Jenny leaves the earth and turns to a comet in the clouds, poor "Bob" faltered; he was seen to struggle hard; he looked and fell dead from his perch in a leak jaw.

Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the old would remember that they have been young, the world would be happier.

## YES, GET MARRIED.

ADVICE, BY DOW, JR.

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing anything else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know that delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life—a dog isn't a touch to her. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can smooth your linen and your cares for you—mend your trousers, and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will plant buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop and dig for you, and direct for her love for her husband is such that it will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every-day clothes.

When a woman loves, she loves with a double distilled devotedness; and when she hates, she hates on the high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change it, except in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against doing the deed, "an't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk." Mark this—if, blessed with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it, you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation; for, in union, as well as in onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marys, Loranases, Olivias, Elizases, Augustas, Betsies, Peggies, Deborahs, and Dorothies—allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have somebody to cheer you as you journey through this flow vale of tears—somebody to scour up your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting order.

Young woman! I need not tell you to look out for your husband, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat for a mouse. But one word in your ear, if you please. Don't bait your hook with an artificial fly; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in sawdust. Attract the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality and unsophisticated love; and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gew-gaws, flippers, fol-de-rols, and fiddle-de-dees in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to live and die a self-manufactured old maid.

My hearers—get married while you are young; and then when the frosts of age shall fall and wither the flowers of affection, the leaves of conjugal love will still be green, and perchance a joyous offspring will surround and grace the parent tree, like ivy twining and adorning the time-scathed oak.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

The bell toll! Again the sad minstrelsy of Death strikes out his iron dirge in measured tone. Again! The same tale is told. The remorseless enemy of man is again in our midst. The sky is o'er-cast and cloudy, and the drifting snow eddies in the whistling blast. A lone day for a funeral—cold without, and under earth fast folding her faded bosom in her chilly white shroud. Earth is passing away. Another one has passed beyond the realm of snow and wintry blasts, into a spring of eternal bliss and unending bloom. Passed away in Winter! Fit time for the old to die, falling like autumn leaves to the earth in the winter of life! But cold for the warm-hearted young to pass away.

"Room-gentle flowers, my child would pass to heaven," said Willis, as he laid the child beneath the green summer's sod. "Twas a beautiful thought for a child to pass through a pathway of flowers into heaven, a brighter bud than all, to expand where graves and winters are not. But it is winter now, and a child is passing to its little home in the cold earth. The snow is fast falling, and the turf above its rest will soon be white as its own lips and cheek, or the shroud around it. But the seasons will move on. The spring time will come again; and the sweet flowers will burst from their wintry sleep upon the little girl's grave, while in the summer of immortality, she shall bloom in unfading innocence and beauty."

A NUMEROUS ANCESTRY.—Fowler, the phenologist, in his work entitled "Hereditary Descent," says that every human being on the face of the globe is compelled, from a demand in nature, to have two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, sixteen ancestors of the fourth generation, thirty-two of the fifth, thirty-two hundred and fifty-six of the eighth, thirty-two thousand and seven hundred and sixty-eight of the fifteenth, almost one million and fifty thousand of the twentieth, and nearly one thousand seven hundred and thirty million of every one's ancestors for fifty generations, amounts to two thousand three hundred and sixty-two billions, seven hundred and forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fourteen millions two hundred and fourteen thousand and forty-six, (2,362,749,914,214,046,) a multitude, verily, which no man can number, no mind conceive! The blood of this vast host is running in the veins of every living mortal, and that reckoning back only fifty generations.

Contentment brings a solace to all who enjoy it.

## WEALTH.

Now I wage no war against wealth—I taint it with no vilifying breath.—Wealth so far as it consists in comfortable shelter and food and raiment for all mankind; in competence for every bodily want, and in abundance for every mental and spiritual need, is so valuable, so precious, that if any earthly object could be worthy of idolatry, this might best be the idol. Wealth, as the means of refinement and embellishment; of education and culture, not only universal in its comprehension, but elevated in its character; wealth as the means of perfecting the arts and advancing the sciences, of discovering and diffusing truth, is a blessing we cannot adequately appreciate; and God seems to have pronounced it to be so; when He made the elements, the land and sea, and all that in them is—convertible into it. But wealth as the means of an idle or a voluptuous life; wealth, as the fosterer of pride and the petrifier of the human heart; wealth, as the iron rod with which to beat the poor into submission to its will, is all the curses of Pandora concentrated into one. It is not more true, that money represents all values, than that it represents all vices.

In this country most young men are poor. Time is the rock from which they are to hew out their fortunes; and health, enterprise and integrity, the instruments with which to do it. To the young man without patrimony, there are few higher earthly duties than to obtain a competency. For this, diligence in business, abstinence in pleasures, privation even, of everything that does not endanger health, are to be joyfully welcomed and borne. When we look around us, and see how much of the wickedness of the world springs from poverty, it seems to sanctify all honest efforts for the acquisition of an independence. But when an independence is acquired, then comes the moral crisis—then comes an Ethereal test—which shows whether a man is higher than a common man, or lower than a common reptile. In the duty of accumulation, (and I call it a duty, in the most strict and literal signification of that word,) all below a competence is most valuable, and its acquisition most laudable. But all above a fortune is a misfortune. It is a misfortune to him who amasses it; for it is a voluntary continuance in the harness of a beast of burden, when the soul should enfranchise and lift itself up into a higher region of pursuits and pleasures. It is a persistence in the work of providing goods for the body, after the body has already been provided for; and it is a denial of the higher demands of the soul, after the time has arrived and the means are possessed of fulfilling those demands. Since men have bodies and heads and hearts to be provided for, some provision for the body is the duty first in order; because the body is the only earthly residence of the mind, and therefore must first be taken care of; but when this first duty is simply fulfilled, then the head and the heart—become first, both in order and in importance. Because the lower service was once necessary, and has, therefore, been performed, it is a mighty wrong, when, without being longer necessary, it usurps the sacred rights of the higher.—H. Mann.

## TIME.

Beyond the mere definition of this term, how little can be said of its meaning. Time is an indefinite part of an unfathomable whole—it is a fraction of eternity—of whose laws we know nothing, save that they are regulated by the celestial bodies and by the imperfect understanding of man. Time, then, is so mysterious that of its laws we know comparatively nothing, and our progress is such that, strictly speaking, it is never present. Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Of all the subjects brought before us, none is devoured with more eagerness than that illustrating the ways of lengthening the time, or temporal life, of man. That this subject excites universal interest we need not one day's experience to prove; discuss upon it in public, and you have exclusive attention; dwell upon it in private, and you become lost in conjectures; and yet, with what recklessness and apathy is existing life squandered! Time is not given to us for an animal gratification; it is given to us that we may educate, mature and ennoble our minds, by reflecting on the knowledge and virtue of society around; and, finally, that we may prepare ourselves to receive the mysterious truths of time, and the lapinities of eternity.

WIFE.—We were accosted last evening by a gentlemanly looking man, evidently balancing a clever sized brick in his castor:

"I say, mister, will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Broadway?"

"No Broadway here, sir; this is not New York."

"Oh! ah! yes, that's a fact—Well, I beg your pardon; your pardon; show me the way to Fourth street—Miller's hotel."

"Now you're in Philadelphia, old boy. Wrong again."

"Ha! ha! well I'm—confused, that's a fact. All right. Please tell me where—whether it's the left or right I take to Holiday street?"

"That's a street that hasn't got this way yet. Perhaps you are thinking of Baltimore."

"Well, where am I, anyhow?"

We told him "Boston." He jammed his fists into his pockets, after hitting his hat a swash, and stepped out, observing:

"Well, I'm—I if I follow this temperance caravan any longer!"

## HOW IT OPERATES!—DOMESTIC DRAMA!—COPYRIGHT NOT SECURED!

The Jenny Lind furore not only excites lively interest in the open air, millionaire, and bullion—are circles, but there are other arcs-as it has entered, and we cannot forego the temptation of having a dash, with a free pencil, at one scene lately overheard in our immediate vicinity, touching the bubble of the hour:

[Scene, a parlor—time, 4 P. M.—characters, down-town merchant and his lady—merchant enters his domicile, finds wife in the parlor laying back over the last new novel—solemnly merchant rushes in tries to look cheerful, abortive effort.]

Merchant.—Ah! dear, I've got home, how's the children? Did Jones's man bring up the new carpets?

Lady, languidly.—Ye-e-e-s, they came.

Merchant.—Why dear, what's the matter? How dull you are; are you ill?

Lady.—No—(puts her handkerchief to her face.)

Merchant.—Bless me! Polly, what's the matter? I thought you would have been in the very best of spirits upon my return! I thought the elegant carpets would have been a pleasant theme for our afternoon discussion on at least!

Lady.—What are these mere carpets, Mr. Spudgin?

Merchant.—Mere carpets! Yes, true they are mere carpets, but those mere carpets cost me \$80! The best Jones had in his rooms. They were your own choice—we could have well done without them just now at least, as money is tight with me—\$80 being worth nearly \$800, at this particular time, (throws himself doggedly into a chair.) But did it, to do so please you, to please the bore who came to look at it, drink our wines and eat our dinners and go home and talk about it. It's all d-d nonsense, but we must do as others, of course.

Lady.—Heavens! Mr. Spudgin, you needn't get into a passion, you needn't swear like a brute!

Merchant.—Swear! It's enough to make a man disgusted! Swear! Damned, it's—its damnable!

Lady.—Weeps. Merchant walks the floor—stops.

Merchant.—Polly, forgive my seeming passion, I've come home to be tranquil, not to worry and fret, I've engaged to that to do in my counting house. Forgive me, come, that's a dear—kiss your Billy.

Lady.—I won't, you naughty man, I won't (sobs) so I won't.

Merchant.—Yes you will, there now, come—that's a dear, and then let us get dinner, and look at the carpets.

Lady.—Carpet, what's carpets—any body can have carpets!

Merchant.—Can they? Well I'm glad to hear it, times will better, then, if every body invests as liberally in carpets as I have within the last two years.

Lady.—Well, don't let us talk any more about carpets, for heaven's sake!

Merchant.—With all my heart, d-n the carpets.

Lady.—Now you are getting angry again, are we to have nothing else but carpets?

Merchant.—Nothing else but carpets?—We can't wear carpets, or eat carpets, we can't.

Merchant.—Polly, we have seen the time, when we had not even rag carpets in our humble home; we had no borer or tatters about us—no spies to see what was in our closets and pantries, kitchen, parlors or attics—we were poor and content, and an infernal sight happier and heartier—to say nothing of our independence, than now, amid all these gaudy trappings of a merchant's home.

Lady.—Goodness! you are getting very sentimental Mr. Spudgin. I'm sure I—I—(finds eye for the handkerchief again)—don't I Mr. Spudgin?

Merchant.—Umph, ye-e-e-s, I suppose so, but let us drop this nonsense—go to dinner, and then—

Lady.—Now, you are getting back to the carpets.

Merchant.—Oh! d-n the carpet! Let us talk of something else. By the way, what was the matter when I came in?

Lady.—I won't tell you.

Merchant.—Yes you shall; that's a dear, kiss me—do. Now tell me what was the matter? Do you want anything come, say it.

Lady.—It is of no consequence, William! I know you are embarrassed in your money matters, and—

Merchant.—Embarrassed! embarrassed, to be sure I—I have drawn rather freely upon my credit lately, but pshaw, don't get me back into the infernal counting room again, I'm not embarrassed.

Lady.—No! (jumping up and twining her elegantly embroidered sleeves around her husband's neck. There William, I'll tell you what I was mummy about—I want you to take me and Maria to see Jenny Lind, to-night.)

Merchant.—Good G—d! Mrs. Spudgin, do you know that will cost me \$300!

Lady.—Fifty dollars! Is fifty dollars anything? Why, has not Brown paid \$100 for tickets for his family to night!

Can't you afford to carry your head as high as the Browns? Are you willing to let Maria and me stay at home and mope, when Mrs. Brown and her daughters go and find every body there but us?

Merchant.—I have a note to take up to-morrow, and I—

Lady.—Now you are getting in the counting house again. I shall be in jail next, or a mad house, madam. He threw away \$50 upon a singing woman, just because the infatuated geese of the city are setting the example?—Have we not already been led by these extravagant follies—these—d-d nonsensical following of fashionable bell-wethers into the purchase of dresses, mirrors, curtains, pianos, carpets, dinners, trips to watering places and the d-d I myself only knows what else, until I've nearly shipwrecked my business? Did you not say, yesterday, if I brought carpets like the Popkins, a new set of curtains like Muggins's, get you and Maria new shawls like the Spriggins's, you would call for no more until New Year's day?—Now I don't I all?

Do you want me to become a bankrupt, a beggar, a madman?

(Fagged out by this warm piece of declamation, the merchant throws himself into an arm chair and buries his face in his hands.)

into an arm chair and buries his face in his hands.)

Lady.—I'm nobody—(handkerchief again.) Maria's nobody! I'll discharge the cook! I'll discharge the chamber-maid! (Sobs awfully.) I can cook, Maria can do the chamber work, and we'll be nobody at once. Oh! that my poor child should be cut down in this way!

Lady in a gust of tears! Iaves the parlor, gets to her room, dinner knocked in the head, carpets stowed away, merchant paces the floor a few moments, seizes his hat, rushes wildly from his house down town; seen coming from a broker's office shortly after. Visits Barnum's agent, returns home (?) by 5 P. M., and by some undeveloped process tranquility is restored in the merchant's mansion, and that evening Mr. and Mrs. Spudgin and daughter at Tremont Temple the most (apparently) enraptured fashionable present. Such is life—especially among the respectable classes of modern society.

## YOUR MOTHER.

TO GIRLS.—You all know the divine command—"Honor thy father and thy mother." An ungodly child is an odd character, yet but few young people show the respect and obedience to their parents that is becoming and beautiful. Do you ever sit and recount the days and nights of care, toil and anxiety you cost your mother? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to repay? If so, did you ever vex or disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make you tremble every time you think of it. It is a sin that is sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an ungodly daughter make a happy wife or mother. The feeling that prompts any one to be unkind to a mother, will make her who indulges it, wretched for life. If you should love your mother, you little dream how the memory of every unkind look, or unkind word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother, and yet, thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me shortly before she died, that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience, and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was hers. She had hid the faults, and magnified all that was good. I know how many